Claudio My liege, your Highneſſe nowe may doe mee good.

Pedro My loue is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learne
Any hard leſſon that may do thee good.

Clau. Hath Leonato any ſonne, my lord?

Pedro No childe but Hero, ſhees his onely heire:
Dooſt thou affect her Claudio?

Claudio O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I lookt vpon her with a ſouldiers eie,
That likt, but had a rougher taske in hand,
Than to driue liking to the name of loue:
But now I am returnde, and that warre-thoughts,
Haue left their places vacant: in their roomes,
Come thronging ſoft and delicate deſires,
All prompting mee how faire yong Hero is,
Saying I likt her ere I went to warres.

Pedro Thou wilt be like a louer preſently,
And tire the hearer with a booke of words,
If thou doſt loue faire Hero, cheriſh it,
And I wil breake with hir, and with her father,
And thou ſhalt haue her: waſt not to this end,
That thou beganſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtorie?

Clau. How ſweetly you do miniſter to loue,
That know loues griefe by his complexion!
But left my liking might too ſodaine ſeeme,
I would haue ſalude it with a longer treatiſe.

Pedro What need the bridge much broder then the flood?
The faireſt graunt is the neceſſitie:
Looke what wil ſerue is fit: tis once, thou loueſt,
And I wil fit thee with the remedie,
I know we ſhall haue reuelling to night,
I wil aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell faire Hero I am Claudio,
And in her boſome ile vnclaſpe my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with the force

And ſtrong incounter of my amoro
Then after, to her father will I break
And the concluſion is, ſhe ſhal be th
In practiſe let vs put it preſently.

Enter Leonato and an old man

Leo. How now brother, where is
he prouided this muſique?

Old He is very buſie about it, b
ſtrange newes that you yet dreampt

Leo. Are they good?

Old As the euents ſtampes them
uer: they ſhew well outward, the
walking in a thicke pleached alley i
much ouer-heard by a man of mine
Claudio that he loued my niece you
acknowledge it this night in a daun
cordant, he meant to take the preſe
ſtantly breake with you of it.

Leo Hath the fellow any wit tha

Old A good ſharp fellow, I wil
him your ſelfe.

Leo. No, no, we wil hold it as a
but I will acquaint my daughter wi
better prepared for an anſwer, if pe
you and tel hir of it: cooſins, you kn
O I crie you mercie friend, go you
ſhill: good coſin haue a care this bu

Enter ſir Iohn the baſtard, and

Con. What the goodyeere my lo
meaſure ſad?

Iohn There is no meaſure in the
fore the ſadneſſe is without limit.

Con. You ſhould heare reaſon.

Iohn And when I haue heard it

Con If not a preſent remedy, at l

Iohn I wonder that thou (being
vnder Saturne) goeſt about to ap

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Much Ado About Nothing* (STC 22304) LONDON, 1600 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH